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Scoutcraft

VOL. 8 NO. 9



—ANDERSON—

EXCELSIOR Official Boy Scout Shoes

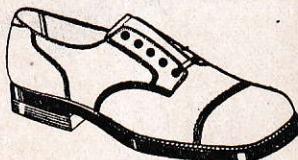


School Time is
Here Now

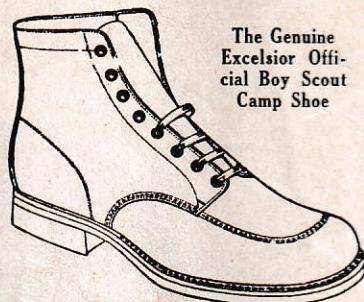
C'mon, fellas, be outfitting right for school with a sturdy pair of *Excelsior Official Boy Scout Shoes*. These shoes are approved and made to the specification of the BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.



The Official Boy Scout Service Shoe. Regular Army Type Blucher. MUNSON last. Soft, sturdy, strong uppers. Heavy double oak soles, or heavy overweight single soles, rubber heels. This is the ring leader of the gang. Built to give real comfort on the hike.



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THE GREAT BOLOGNY DISCOVERY

By Hezekiah McSnafflebit

(Continued)

DOC was hunched up in the narrow space of the forepeak, wrestling furiously with the Big Black Bundle he had so carefully brought aboard. It was installed so securely that now it looked like an all night job to break out. Clem pitched into it with all his nervous energy and together they jostled and hampered one another until as bundles will, it came suddenly apart, sprawling its inards all over the compartment. It seemed to be a mass of fine fish net of a peculiar grey moldy appearance.

Clem crawled out from underneath and shook it off. "Awful stuff," he said, "Tastes like alum."

"Have to keep it covered 'till we're ready to use it. Look alive!" said Doc, gathering up the ends.

"What——gulp!" said Clem, as Doc jerked a corner of net off a bolt head and elbowed him expertly in the windpipe at the same time.

"Hustle!" said Doc, thrusting some of the strange stuff at him. "We want to keep it fresh."

It was now fairly dark outside and the interior of the boat was obscure. Clem wiggled his way out to the cabin and lit a lamp. With the help of this light they were able to work the net back into the cabin, where there was room to shake it into some semblance to a bundle again.

In a few minutes it was pretty well lashed into its cover and the boys straightened up.

"Better douse the light," said Doc, in a soft voice. "Can't tell who might see it."

Perspiration dripped from Clem's hands and hissed on the glass chimney as he put the lamp out.

"Wonder what's become of Joe and the boys?" he said.

"Just what I had in mind," nodded Doc.

They stood touching shoulders and stared up through the main hatch listening open-mouthed and motionless for what seemed many, many minutes.

There was no sound—nothing but the faint baffling hiss of escaping steam. Clem wondered what time it was. It seemed hours since the crew had left the boat. Maybe it was only a few minutes—maybe only two or three. He couldn't see the chronometer in the dark—probably it didn't matter anyhow. He devoted himself to listening again.

There was a third party in the listening game. The noise of bubbling vapors about the boat bothered him not at all. He had never known any'ing else. Ka-ra, the One Eyed, lay on the cabin top with his long bone knife in his left hand and a keenly intent expression on his ugly slant-eyed face.

Nize baby!

"I don't hear anything," said Doc, at last. "It's hard to tell what's happened. We would get no use out of the net tonight, it's too dark now. What to do?"

"If we stay here and something has not gone well with the fellows, we may not come off so good either," suggested Clem. "It might be a good thing to put the stuff in the dinghy and explore for the proper place to start operations. We're in bad and the only thing to do is carry the fight to

the enemy—but to do it with caution and strategy and science."

"I guess you're right," agreed Doc soberly. "We're evidently in for it and the sooner we get started out, the better. We'll take the net in the dink and find the windward side of the island, or whatever it is, and explore it a bit. Then we'll wait for daylight. Bring some of those graham crackers along, and lend a hand with this"—grappling with the bundle.

"Gee, I'm hungry!" said Clem. "I'll take more than graham crackers."

"Let's go," said Doc, and swung the bundle to the first step of the ladder.

And Ka-ra gripped his bone knife.

(To be concluded)
[Funeral from undertaker's]

THE GREAT MUSKEGON RIVER CANOE TRIP

By James McLean

ONE of the most interesting canoe trips in Scout history was completed at the end of the last camping period. Starting from Croaton Dam on the Muskegon River Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock, we paddled downstream on a 4-mile an hour current. This course was made particularly dangerous by the abundance of sharp rocks and logs, which were all that were left of former log jams, when logging was more in evidence. At night we camped on a high bluff at an abandoned farm house. Some say the house is haunted, but we didn't take any chances. We slept in the barn in a luxurious bed of hay.

By Monday noon we had approached Muskegon Lake and were just in the middle of the lake when a fast wind blew up, bringing a rain squall with it. With much careful balance we worked hard to ride out the high waves, till the storm subsided. We safely made the eight miles of this lake and entered upon Lake Michigan. Here, the Coast Guards kept us until the waves on Lake Michigan subsided enough for canoe passage. At six o'clock we started northward on the fourteen mile stretch of lake that brought us to the entrance of White Lake.

On this part of the journey we had the pleasure of enjoying a wonderful Lake Michigan sunset. We encountered five to eight foot swells all the way to White Lake.

We crossed the 7 miles of White Lake at dark, arriving at Whitehall at 11 p. m. From there we were transported to camp by truck to enjoy a good nigh's sleep.

Many favorable remarks were made about the wonderful scenery on the whole course of the trip.

All members of the expedition were required to be expert canoeists as well as life guards.

There were eight canoes containing twenty-three fellows. The trip covered 90 miles or more of water.

Mr. George Scheuchenflug, a noted swimming and water sports director, was in charge of the expedition. Mr. Scheuchenflug is well known to Scouts as Mr. X. Y. Z., the originator of "Myer the great schwimmer."

Scoutcraft

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Theodore Shearer, *Editor*

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CITY WIDE COURT OF REVIEW

SEPTEMBER

EAGLE and PALM Court of Review, WEDNESDAY, September 26th, at SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, 37 South Wabash Avenue, Room 905, at 6:30 P. M. APPLICATIONS must be filed at HEADQUARTERS on WEDNESDAY, September 19th.

OCTOBER

EAGLE and PALM Court of Review, WEDNESDAY, October 31st, at SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, 37 South Wabash Avenue, Room 905, at 6:30 P. M. APPLICATIONS must be filed at HEADQUARTERS on WEDNESDAY, October 24th.

McDONALD SCOUTS DEPICT MASSACRE OF FORT DEARBORN

By Milton Gray

A HUGE celebration depicting the Fort Dearborn massacre featured the fourth period program of Camp McDonald of the Owasippe Scout camps.

Seven scenes centering around Indian tepees and the Fort Dearborn blockhouse, the museum of the camp, were presented by McDonald scouts in the Indian and frontier pageant commemorating the historic fall of the fort. Harry K. Eby, scout executive of the south central district of Chicago, supervised the presentation, which was viewed by all of the Crystal Lake scouts as well as many guests from the neighborhood.

Activities around the block house open the celebration. Blue clad soldiers are standing guard while frontiersmen work at wood chopping and hide curing. The second scene shifts to an Indian camp where affairs of the red men are shown.

Scene three continues on from one until an Indian chief engages a white settler in a fight in which the red man is killed. The pioneers immediately are aroused and prepare to fortify themselves for an attack which they expect.

Meantime a messenger reports the slaying to the tribe and after a gathering of warriors, the body of the slain Indian, which had been recovered was buried. Following comes a war dance and the scattering of the Indians for the attack.

A war whoop signal starts the fifth scene and incidently the attack by the Indians. The Redmen encircle the block house and then storm it. Doors are shattered and a stream of men pour in and immediately proceed to kill and scalp the white settlers. After the victory the Indians again circle the remains of the building and then disperse. The fire slowly settles.

In the sixth scene the tribes return to the scene of the conquering and break out into a wild celebration with the victory dance playing an important part.

An intermission follows and the scene shifts to years later. The tribes again gather and hold a pow wow. Drums are heard in the distance and soldiers march in. A smoking of the peace pipe follows with a general intermingling of soldiers and Indians. The Star Spangled Banner closes the ceremony.

A pageant of this sort is celebrated every two years at Camp McDonald after having begun in 1926. The block house was built by scouts in 1925 and follows exactly the plans used by frontiersmen in the nineteenth century. It is now being used by the scouts as a museum and club room for the camp honor society, the Order of the Arrow.

VETERANS SPECIALTY CAMP A REALITY

We talked so long about a specialty camp for old timers, we almost lost hope. Then suddenly it materialized and—lo, here we have just about the bang-uppest camp of this kind to be operated anywhere to date.

What's different about it? What isn't different, is the answer. To begin with, the housing equipment is different—and how! Tree houses, log lean-to's, Indian teepees, special Sea Scout tents—nothing like 'em anywhere else.

The program, you no doubt realize, consists of specializing on one subject an entire period. Just long enough to really get into the swing of it.

Special boats, costuming, and other equipment to say nothing of the big war canoe made life at the Veteran camp a "swell time."

Mr. Enar Anderson was director. He was assisted by Lyman Anderson, sea scout camp; Donald Anderson, the pioneer camp; Jack Hough, the nature crafters; and Roy O. C. Bartlett, the Indian village. With the capacity of the camp set at 64 and only old timers eligible Owasippe campers had many new thrills and experiences at Veteran Camp. Ask the man who was there—he knows!

GREAT INCREASE IN OWASIPPE CAMPERS

1926—2932 Scout Periods
1927—3006 Scout Periods
1928—3900 Scout Periods
Going up! and what a jump!

Chicago's camp record cannot be disputed. We had more boys—for a longer time in more Council supervised camps than any other Scout Council in the country.

1929—Shall we say 5500 Scout periods—Why not?

BARRETT WENDELL LODGE A "KNOCK-OUT"

"Oh Boy"—"Some class"—"Holy mackerel, wouldn't you like to own this"—say the Scouts. "Perfectly marvelous"—"Oh, how wonderful"—say visitors.

And Barrett Wendell Lodge, Camp Checaugau's new headquarters building, is all that and even more.

Last winter at the Northwest District's Annual meeting it was announced that Mr. Wendell, chairman of the district, would build and present to the District Camp (Checaugau) a headquarters building. This announcement occasioned much excitement and expectant gossip concerning the type of building and how it would be used.

The first camp group almost lost their breath on sight of the building that was erected. The comments above only in a small measure give an idea of the excited comments.

The building is of oak logs most expertly fitted together. The interior is hand hewn with a broad axe; the work of Mr. Fred Weigand. Twenty steel casement windows arranged in five bays afford an abundance of cheerful sunlight.

A cement floor of snowy white contrasts sharply with the brown logs. A huge fire place occupies the center of one end of the building. The fireplace is constructed of cobble stones and crowned by a great hewn log and surmounted by a large deer head. Incidentally the fire really draws and smokes not at all.

The ceiling covered with cello-tex is heavily beamed. The chinking is moss. Ponderous doors lead to the interior from either side.

The work of building was superintended by the camp custodian, Mr. Rue Miller. Besides Mr. Weigand, already mentioned, Mr. Rudy Weiss, Mr. Al Weiss, Mr. Fred Hogstrom, and Mr. Peter Bloomquist all had a hand in building what is probably the finest log cabin in all Michigan. These men are all natives of the Blue Lake region and experts at this sort of work.

Late in July members of the Northwest District executive board journeyed to Camp Checaugau for the dedication of The Lodge. A stone tablet, carrying the legend, "Barrett Wendell Lodge—1928," was mortared into the fire place hearth where all who come to be warmed will be reminded of this good friend of Scouting.



JOHNSTON POWER

During the past month many adventures, brave and bonny, were participated in by Chicago Sea Scouts, but they are overshadowed by the sudden passing of Johnston Power. It was with the sincerest regret that his brother Sea Scouts learned of his death.

Power was an Eagle Scout and Quartermaster Sea Scout and a veteran of rich experience, coming up through all the ranks to the rating of Portmaster. He joined a little more than five years ago and had a very active career. As a Quartermaster and Mate he acted as aide to National Director Keane and was a member of the Borden Field Expedition. On his return he was appointed to assist Chief Portmaster Pieper and did so ably and well. When, at the Spring Rally, he was appointed Portmaster for the Calumet Squadron, he was practically the only active Sea Scout in Calumet. Within a short time he laid the foundation of a good organization and obtained two boats as equipment. In the meantime he was active as an officer of the training ship *Idler* and member of the Skippers and Mates Association.

Mr. Thorne Donnelly, looking about for an able young man to captain his new power yacht, applied to the Sea Scout office and picked "Powy" out of the selected seamen sent to him. It was while bringing this boat home from the east that the fatal accident occurred.

With all his Sea Scout activity he managed to maintain a high level of scholarship at Crane Jr. college and was cadet major in the R. O. T. C. there.

He was always active and cheerful, made friends easily and was known to almost every one in the fleet. He contributed much to the success of Sea Scouting in Chicago and all over the country and his loss will be keenly felt.

HOW TO DO IT

Tenderfoot: "How can I drive a nail without hitting my finger?"

First Class: "Hold the hammer with both hands."



PADDLING a canoe is in some respects comparable to riding a skittish horse. Both are temperamental, cranky steeds. The canoe when properly handled is an amazingly safe little boat. The manner in which it will live through rolling, foam-capped seas or dart safely in and out around the formidable boulders of a North Woods stream is wonderful. Canoe safety, under ordinary paddling conditions consists merely of keeping the balance of the craft along a center line running from bow to stern, just as soon as you disturb the trim of the boat you are courting danger. Standing up in a canoe will do it, and so will leaning over one side, when fishing, or leaning on the edge of a wharf when getting out of a canoe. In fact, any distribution of weight which is reasonably high above bottom of the canoe and to one side, runs more than a fair chance of upsetting the boat. Weight, on the other hand, which is kept very low in the canoe and well centered means safety.

When stepping into a canoe, step in the exact center and keep your weight as low as possible and evenly balanced. In doing so, place the right and left hands simultaneously on the respective sides of the gunwale; never bear on one gunwale alone. In getting out, follow the same principle. Grasp firmly both sides of the gunwale and raise yourself slowly so that the weight is equally distributed on either side. Do not lift the second foot from the center of the canoe until the first is firmly planted on earth. Every practised canoeist who haunts fast running narrow waterways is familiar with the inevitable boulder in mid-stream which splits the current sharply. The current sweeps down, on and around one of these boulders in the form of a letter "V." In paddling or drifting down upon a situation of this sort it is quite essential that the canoe be headed straight down stream. You have the current splitting at the point of the letter V and forming two currents past the boulder. The danger is staring him straight in the face. As a rule it is only when he fails to recognize it that disaster follows. The canoeist who recognizes the danger, and handles his craft accordingly is comparatively safe. No two waterways are alike. Nor is the present mile of any one stream similar to the mile that has gone before. A long canoe having a fairly wide beam is not so tippy and is safer than the ordinary 16 foot canoe. We will confine the present discussion to the single paddle in the hands of the bow and the stern man, respectively. There must be team work between the bow and stern paddlers, they must work together. The bow man as a rule paddles on the left side and the stern on the right.

One can change sides occasionally. When ready to get under way each man takes up his paddle, one hand arched over the top of the handle, the other grasping the handle just above the blade, not too high up. Each thrusts his paddle into the water at the same instant, then pulls with the lower hand. Remember that more than the arms and hands are in this stroke. The shoulders and body should get into it as well. Indeed, when one paddles from the bottom of a canoe, with his hips against a thwart or the edge of a seat, legs, thighs, and even the canoe itself all get into the stroke, for the knee paddler and the canoe are practically one.

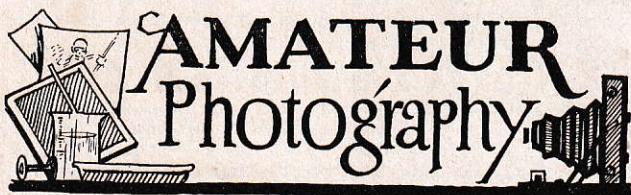
Difficult stretches of water should always be taken from the knee paddling position instead of the seat. It gives more stability to the craft. The bow man sets the stroke, the stern man keeps in perfect paddling rhythm with it and does the steering. When the stern man quits thinking of his paddle in the terms of a rudder, a more effective steering stroke usually comes to him instinctively. This is identically the stroke of the bow man, with the exception

that at its end, there is a slight outward shove and twisting of the paddle. This turning of the paddle is made by the upper hand, while the lower pulls the blade. On the following stroke the paddle enters the water at right angles to the canoe and at its end is again turned.

Now the object is to pull the canoe up to and past the paddles in as straight a line as possible. The path of the paddle should be a straight line. There is little or no power in the long drawn-out stroke the blade of the paddle is being pulled up toward the surface; it is not pushing the water backward. The stroke used by the North Woods guide and Indian is quick and short. The greatest power in propelling the canoe is found during the moments when the paddle is in a fairly perpendicular position.

If the bow man is paddling on the right side and wishes to swerve the bow of the canoe quickly in that direction, he thrusts out his paddle so that the blade is edgewise to the water, and then draws the paddle towards him. Similar action on the other side will bring about a left swerve.

AMATEUR Photography



This department is conducted by
Mr. A. Flesch, Pres., Central Camera Company

MOONLIGHT PICTURES, REAL AND PSEUDO

By Merle Richards

Perhaps a large number of camera owners never dreamed that they could make pictures by the light of the moon. The writer has seen several very striking pictures made by moonlight and is glad to pass the word along that anyone with any type of camera can make such pictures.

There are two kinds of moonlight pictures, both of which are easy to make. Moonlight effects, "pseudo moonlight" can be made by pointing the camera towards the sun when it is near the horizon and when partly obscured by clouds, and making a snapshot exposure. The result is an underexposed negative in the shadow parts which, when printed properly, will give a night effect.

Real moonlight pictures cannot, of course, be made with a snapshot. In fact, exposures of anywhere from ten minutes to an hour, depending upon conditions, will be required. Where there is a great reflective surface, like that of a large expanse of water or a snow-covered landscape, the exposure time can be cut to minimum.

The making of moonlight pictures, whether real or pseudo kind, is indeed fascinating fun, and the results will be well worth while.

STAMP LORE



STAMPS THAT ARE WORTH NOTHING

A common fault with beginners is that they put too much rubbish into their collections. Things like cut-out postcard and envelope stamps, fiscals and other labels that are not postage stamps at all, are generally worth nothing. Equally valueless, and more offensive in appearance, are stamps which are dirty, heavily cancelled, or torn. They should go right down to the bottom of the waste-paper basket or

into the fire. They want no tender mercy—get rid of them by prompt and ruthless destruction. Don't make your collection a slum. How many slum dwellers does **your** collection hold?—Junior Stamp Magazine.

JUNIOR DICTIONARY

German South West Africa.—This is a large tract of territory bounded on the west by the Atlantic Ocean and on the south by the Cape of Good Hope. It has an area of 322,450 square miles and a population of about 185,000, of whom only some 5,000 are Europeans. German occupation dates from 1884. The first distinctive postage stamps for use here were not issued until 1897. During the World War the territory was captured by South African troops, surrendering on July 8, 1915. Since then the South African postage stamps have been used without surcharge.

Gerusalemme.—The Italian rendering of Jerusalem as shown on the stamps overprinted for use in that Consular office.

G. et D.—An overprint applied to many of the stamps of the French colony of Guadeloupe, being an abbreviation for "Guadeloupe et Dépendances." Another form of this overprint is expressed as "G. & D."

G. P. de M.—An overprint very extensively used in Mexico in 1916-17, being in many cases applied to stamps which had already been overprinted by the Constitutional authorities. It stands for "Gobierno Provisional de Mexico" or Provisional Government of Mexico.

Orcha.—A native Indian state where stamps were first issued in 1914.

NOT SO GOOD

A grocer advertised apples and nuts for sale. He put up the sign—

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ONE DOLLAR

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Two admirable books. Instruction is given as to how to handle tools, equipment of workshop, and how to make things for indoor and outdoor pastimes. Many suggestions as to how to earn money by means of handicraft.

AMERICAN BOYS' HANDY BOOK OF CAMP-LORE AND WOODCRAFT, by Dan C. Beard (Lippincott) \$3.00

Here's a book to fill with delight the heart of every honest-to-goodness outdoor boy.

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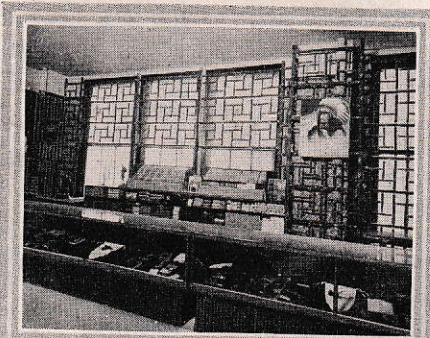
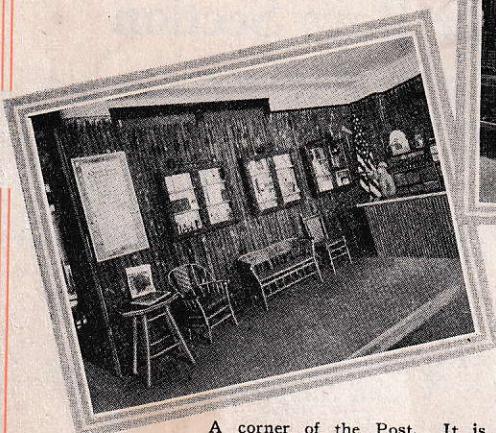
Chicago

THE CHICAGO BOY SCOUT TRADING POST

The Official Store of the Boy Scouts of America

Come and
See It!

Boy Scouts
It's Yours



As you enter the Post, you approach the center Trading Section. You will find a Scout Trader there to answer any question about Scouting or to help you choose your Scout Equipment.

A corner of the Post. It is a dandy place to meet boys from your own Troop or other Troops any afternoon or Saturday morning. The seats are comfortable and Scouts may sit as long as they choose.

View of Post as you step inside the door. Notice the stockade in rear. Also shows a better view of the display of equipment in the rustic bins.

WHAT THE POST MEANS FOR SCOUTS

1. A rendezvous for Boy Scouts just like the old Trading Post of Frontier Days.
2. It has the real Scouting atmosphere of the outdoors. The spirit of those great Pioneers and Traders, Daniel Boone, Charles Rogers Clark, Joe Meek and Davie Crockett, hover in the background.
3. The men in the Post are all experienced Traders in Scout Equipment and are there to advise you in your purchases for Scouting activities.
4. You can now emulate the Frontiersmen of old by making periodical trips to the Trading Post for bits of Scout news, to see new Equipment or to ask the advice of the Traders in the Post.
5. There will be ample room for Scouts from all over Chicago to sit around and talk over new outfits and new camping grounds and meet Scouts from other parts.
6. It is one place where you are sure of an even trade. All the equipment handled by the Trading Post is the best you can buy anywhere at the price.

BE SURE YOU VISIT IT SOON!

THE CHICAGO
BOY SCOUT TRADING POST

37 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Controlled by National Council, Boy Scouts of America